

RAWLET

—
POETICK

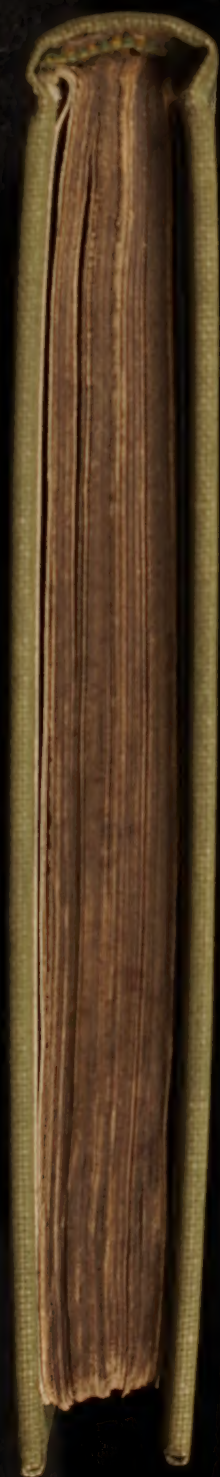
MISCEL-

LANIES

—
LONDON

1687





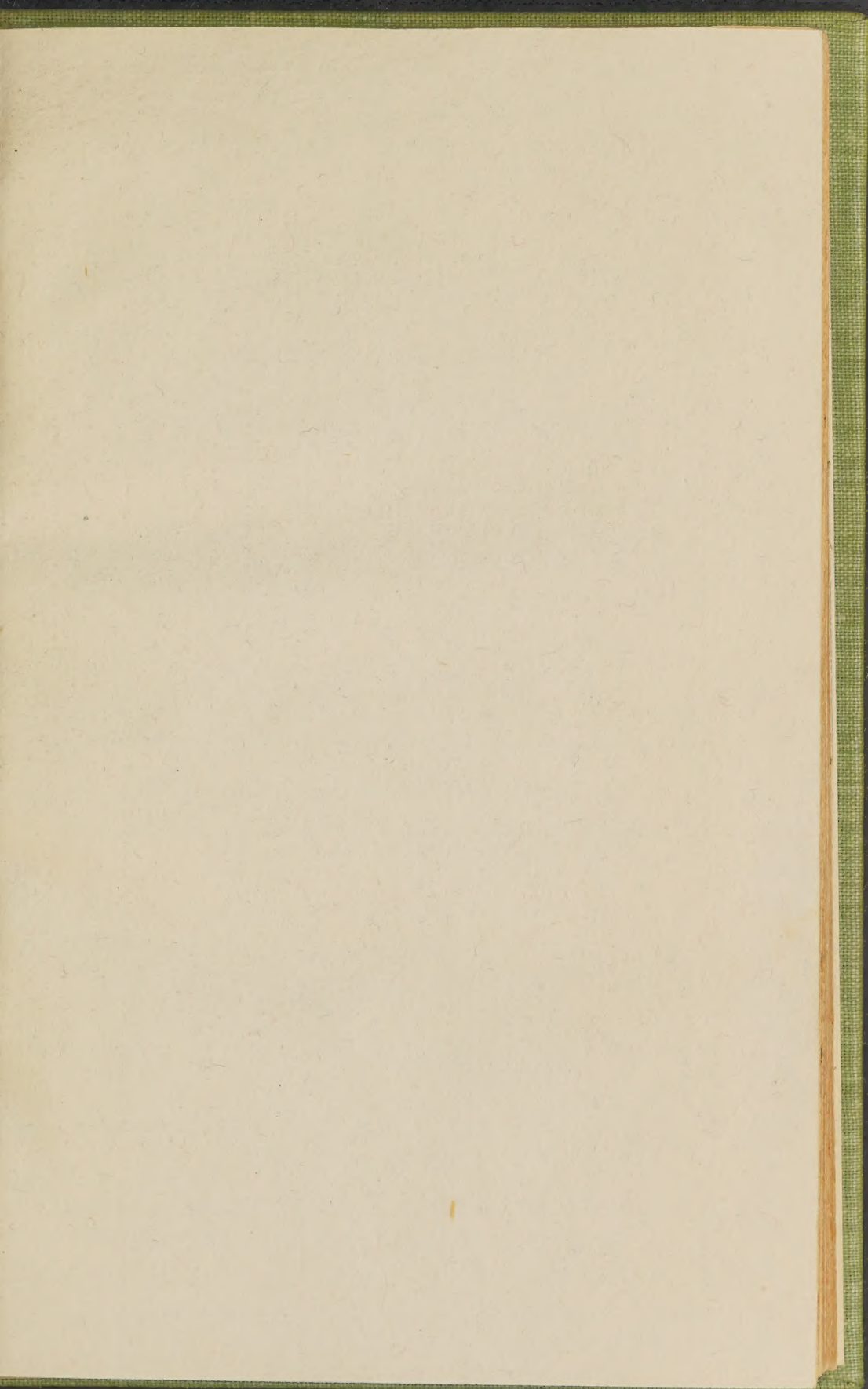


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1687

R.B. 9-10



(91)

Poetick Miscellanies
OF
Mr JOHN RAWLET, B. D.
And late Lecturer of
S. Nicholas Church
IN THE
TOWN and COUNTY
OF
New-Castle upon Tine.

Et prodesse valent & delectare Poetae.

A verse may find him, who a Sermon flies :
And turn delight into a Sacrifice. *Herbert.*

L I C E N S E D.

Novemb. 22.
1686.

Rob. Midgley.

L O N D O N,

Printed for *Samuel Tidmarsh*, at the *King's-Head* in
Cornhill, near the *Royal Exchange*. 1687.

77 384

An Epitaph on the Reverend and
truly pious Mr. John Rawlet, B. D.
made by his sorrowful Friend J. M.

RAwlet's Remains lodge in this humble Cave;
As he was free from pride, so is his Grave.

But Virtue needs no Pyramids : Its worth

Bribes not the Heraulds pains to blaze it forth.

As Diamonds shine by their own native Rayes,

And Phœbus his own glittering beams displays ;

So great deserts are their own Monument :

No Tomb, no Epitaph's so eloquent.

Whilst others therefore their proud Marbles boast ;

He rests with greater honour, but less cost.

On his Divine Poems.

REader, expect not here, the filth of th' Stage,
Poems that please, but more debauch the Age.
His chaster Muse such heavenly strains doth sing,
'As Angels chant to their Immortal King.
By such pure harmony he tun'd his heart
In the Cælestial Choir to bear a part.]

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(1)

A N

INVITATION

TO THE

Holy Communion.

WITH

D I R E C T I O N S

F O R T H E

Due Receiving it.

H Ark, we are call'd ; O friends, Away,
(away,

All things are ready, make no more delay.

Are all things ready, and shall only we,

For whom they are prepar'd , unready be ?

B

We

2 *Poems upon several Occasions.*

We that forbidden Fruit did long to taste,
Shan't we, when call'd, to our Lord's table haste?
When food provided is which will restore
The blessedness our eating lost before?
Let us then hasten, and this Call obey;
'Tis with the Prince that we must dine to day,
Whose Sacred presenee calls us to prepare
And fit our selves; Hast must not banish care.
Hither approach all fair and clean within
From the defiling love of every sin,
All bath'd in purest streams of hallowed tears,
Which help to wash our stains and drown our fears.
The Souls first dipt in this preparation flood,
Are fit for farther cleansing by Christ's blood.
Repentance is a second innocence,
Joyn'd with resolves for new obedience:
Draw nigh with faith and holy love adorn'd,
And deep humility, which, though it's scorn'd

By

Poems upon several Occasions. 3

By blinder mortals, is, in Gods own Eye,
The Souls true beauty, richest gallantry :
With ardent longings come, inflam'd to tast
The deepest sweets of this divine repast,
The grace and comfort here diffus'd abroad,
And on the well-prepared Soul bestow'd.
Beg him to fit you thus who did invite
You hither ; for both meat and appetite
Do come from him : and by the hand that spread
Our Table, must our Souls be furnished.
And when in th' Wedding garment we are drest,
With humble boldness to this Sacred feast
Let us approach, this wondrous banquet, where
The Master of the Feast becomes our cheer.

4 *Poems upon several Occasions.*

ON THE
Holy Communion.

THE Son of God made Man, his life laid
down

To save our Life ; to purchase us a Crown,
He bore the Cross ; and that we might retain
The memory hereof, he did ordain
His Sacred Supper as his Churches Feast,
When he bestows upon each humble Guest
Those greater blessings which he represents
By Bread and Wine, the outward Elements ;
He doth himself in this familiar way
With Pardon, Grace, and Glory too convey

To

Poems upon several Occasions. 5

To such, who, whilst by faith they these receive,
To him themselves entirely back do give.
Thus is a Marriage union finisht, and
Christ and the Soul linkt in a mutual band:
Thus at one Feast we mingle griefs and joyes,
Christ's death and our own Nuptials solemnize.
And if indeed our Faith and Love herein
Are with Repentance joyn'd, if we for sin
Sincerely grieve, sincerely plight our Troth,
In Heaven we shall enjoy the fruits of Both.

6 *Poems upon several Occasions.*

ON THE
Holy Communion.

OUR blessed Lord, who loved us, and gave
Himself for us, us by his death to save ;
That this his love and death might never be
Forgotten, hath ordain'd a feast , when we
With grateful hearts should still record his love,
And to blest purposes his death improve.
Oft let's remember then, and praise our Lord
At's Holy Table, where he doth afford
To worthy Guests Peace, Pardon, Grace, and Joy,
Pleasures that satisfe but never cloy,

And

Poems upon several Occasions. 7

And let us still set Jesus in our sight,
In all our actions by this Copy write ;
That our dear Lord beholding us, may find
His Sacred Image in our Life and Mind.
Thus let us with great Zeal and Holy strife
Christ's death remember, imitate his Life.
So shall we grow in grace, till from this state
Our Lord to Glory shall his friends translate :
Then shall we be where blessed Jesus is,
And feast with him in perfect endless bliss.

Directions

8 *Poems upon several Occasions.*

DIRECTIONS
FOR
RECEIVING
THE
Holy Communion.

CHrist calls us to his Table, but who's fit
In such an High and Holy place to sit?
Only the Souls that are adorn'd with Grace,
May here in presence of their Lord take place.
Such whom the knowledge of his wondrous love
To deepest sorrow for their sins doth move;
Who place on him their Love and Confidence,
And render a sincere Obedience

Tc

10 *Poems upon several Occasions.*

Until at length he raise thee far above,
To taste the fullest Fruits of his dear love ;
Where we no more shall need our Bread and Wine,
Ravish'd with glorious Sights and Joys Divine :
Wherefore, who in those Heavenly Joys would
(share,
To sup with Christ on Earth let them prepare.

For

FOR
EARLY RISING
ON A
Lords day Morning.

THis day our blessed Lord did early rise,
Let all his pious Servants do likewise ;
His good Disciples rose before the light,
That his dead Body they with spices might
And tears embalm : then let devotion raise
Us up to give our God and Saviour praise.
Thus let our Songs of praise shorten the night,
Till we shall come into that heavenly light,

12 *Poems upon several Occasions.*

When we shall hear no more of nights and days,
No more shall cease to love, rejoyce and praise.
O blest employments, these Saints truly blest,
Who thus employ'd enjoy eternal rest !

This holy Rest let me this day begin ;
Resting to God from business, care and Sin.
And let me in thy day and service find,
Such pleasure and such profit to my mind,
As may excite me all the following Week,
And my whole Life my dearest Lord to seek.
Not in a Garden, or a Cave of Stone ;
But in the Heavens, where on his glorious Throne,
He doth exalted sit at God's right Hand ;
Thousands of Angels round about him stand.

There free from sin and sorrow, sloth and
(sleep,

There let me an eternal Sabbath keep.

Morning

Morning Thoughts.

BOTH God and Satan by my Bed-side stand;
My Morning-thoughts are crav'd on either
hand :

He that gets these, is like to have the day.

What, then, shall God be empty sent away?

No, Lord, but let the whole made holy be,

By these First-fruits I offer up to thee.

I praise thee for this last Nights quiet rest,

The Peace and Safety wherewith I am blest.

I praise thee, my good God, that to my sight

Once more thou hast restor'd the Morning-light :

My

14 *Poems upon several Occasions.*

My Strength and Time, which thou do'st thus
(renew,

I Consecrate to thee, they are thy due.

Be with me this whole day : Save me herein
From danger, if thou please, chiefly from sin.

All the day long, Lord, keep me in thy fear ;
And make me ever sensible how near

Thou art : In private, or in company,

Let me remember thy all-seeing Eye

Upon me plac'd, that I my self may frame
To do thy Will, to glorifie thy Name.

In sin with others let me not comply,

But speak, act, think, as knowing thou art by.

Good Lord, preserve me from that hainous

(Crime,

Mis-spence of short, uncertain, precious Time.

O let me not my golden hours waste,

But live this day as if it were my last :

That

Poems upon several Occasions. 15

That I may mind the work I have to do :

Set Death and Judgment, Heav'n and Hell in view :

Let me from Christ my Head , fresh strength

(derive,

That I by Faith in thy dear Son may live :

Let me do others good, my self at least ;

Let sin this day be weakned, grace increast.

Help me to spend it so, that I at Night

May, looking back upon it, take delight ;

And in Eternity thy Name may praise,

For *this*, and all *my well-improved Days*.

Directions

16 *Poems upon several Occasions.*

DIRECTIONS
FOR THE
EVENING.

Revieue at Night the Actions of the day ;
What time was well spent, what was
(thrown away :

Bless God for Mercies, and confess the sin
Thou know'st thou hast been guilty of therein.
To God, through Christ, for Pardon humbly pray ;
Resolve against it for the following day.

Dare not to close thy eyes before thou make
All Reckonings clear : Perhaps thou may'st awake
Before

Poems upon several Occasions. 17

Before God's Judgment-Seat: How dar'st thou look
Him in the Face, should he present a Book
Of sins unpardon'd? But if thou hast made
Thy Peace through Christ, thou need'st not be
(afraid;

Both Soul and Body are secur'd from harms,
Thou lodg'd in such a gracious Fathers Arms:
Who all his Children will in safety keep,
And so thou boldly may'st go die, or sleep.

D

ON

ON
WHITSUNDAY.

ALL hail great day ! Day of our new
(Creation,
And of Redemption the sure confirmation.
Almighty Love, that did us first create
In holiness and bliss, when from that state
By our Apostasie, our selves we threw
Into that state, doth us again renew ;
This did the blessed Jesus undertake,
And by his Spirit wrought, which for his sake
On us was shed ; and which doth fully show,
Christ is God's Son, by making Christians so.

He

Poems upon several Occasions. 19

He being now advanc'd on Gods right hand,
Doth exercise his regal Power, and
By all the Miracles of this great day,
Not only doth his present power display;
But also shews his future purposes,
And doth effect them by such signs as these.
A rushing Wind do his Disciples hear,
And cloven fiery Tongues on them appear.
God both in Wind, and Fire, and Voice is here:
Through all the World this wind commotion
(makes,
Which both the Heathenish State, and Jewish
(shakes
For not the Idol-temples fall alone,
But also that of the great *Solomon*;
This fire soon grew into a mighty flame,
And as if that strong wind had driven the
(same,
D 2 Through

20 *Poems upon several Occasions.*

Through the whole World it did with brightness
(shine,
And did the World enlighten and refine.

Those Cloven Tongues, th' Apostles mouths did fill,
And did convey to them such wondrous skill,
In all the Languages the World had known,
That they exactly spoke them as their own:

And whilst in these they do the Gospel preach,
Their hearers they do both surprise and teach.
These were to them Letters of Credence given,
To shew their Embassy deriv'd from Heaven.

What God inflicted once for punishment,
Now as a blessing on the World is sent.

Variety of Tongues that did disperse
All Nations, now unites the Universe.

The *Babel*-builders it did then confound;

But now the Christian Church even from the
(ground,

To

Poems upon several Occasions. 21

To such a vast firm structure doth it raise,
As may engage Spectators to his praise,
Whose wisdom can make all things serve his ends,
The same thing hurts his Foes, and helps his
Friends.

What to th' Apostles he did then direct,
Hath on each single Christian some effect.

O Sacred Spirit, within my Soul repeat
These blessings, which once made this day so
(great ;

Breath thou upon me with that heavenly Wind,
Which may refresh and purifie my Mind ;
Kindle within me and preserve that fire,
Which may with holy love my Breast inspire,
And with an Active zeal my mind enflame ,
To do thy will, to glorifie thy name.

Furnish me richly both with gifts and Grace
To fit me for the duties of my place :

So

22 *Poems upon several Occasions.*

So open thou my Lips, my Heart so raise,
That both my Heart and Mouth may give thee
(praise,
As in thy Temple; keep there residence
Within my Soul, and never part from thence,
Till I am fram'd and fitted by thy hand,
A Pillar in God's House above to stand.

O N

Ascension Day.

AR T thou ascended blessed Lord on high?
And do I on this earth still grovelling lye,
In muddy, sensual, fading pleasures drown'd,
Where pain and grief, horrors and Hell are found?
O pity, dearest Lord, some pity take
On a poor fainting Soul for thy names sake:
Help Lord, Lord help, to thee I lift mine Eyes,
Stretch forth thy helping hand, and make me rise,
O raise my sinking Soul above the Mud,
And dirt of low delights, which Flesh and Blood
Relish

24 *Poems upon several Occasions.*

Relish and crave : Let my exalted mind
It's pleasures in thy Love and Service find ;
But ne'r let that seem pleasant to my taste,
Which grieves thy Spirit, and doth my Conscience
(waste ;

Keep my Soul mindful of its heavenly birth,
That it may Heaven-ward tend, wean'd from this
(Earth.

By all my falls upon this slippery Ground,
Grant that I nearer may to Heaven rebound,
And let all streams of comfort here below,
Up to the Fountain lead me whence they flow.
Let Faith, and Love, and Longings raise my Heart
Up to the blissful place where Lord thou art ;
Let my chief joy spring from this Faith, and Love,
Till I ascend to thee, and joyes above.

Divine Love.

WHose Soul is once betroth'd, can ever he
From that engagement disobliged be?

The hearts, which love unites in loyal bands,
Are chain'd as fast, as by their tongues and hands.
Even thus am I in heart engag'd, my mind
Is firmly fixt, but on no Female-kind :

The blessed Jesus is my Lord, my Love ;

He is my choice, from him I'll never move.

Away, then, all you objects that divert,

And seek to draw from my dear Lord my heart :

E

Go

26 *Poems upon several Occasions.*

Go, Riches, Honours, Beauty, Bravery, go,
Tempt these mean Souls who nothing better know.
That uncreated Beauty, which hath gain'd
My ravisht Heart, hath all your glory stain'd;
His loveliness my Soul hath prepossess'd,
And left no room for any other guest:
Cease then with knockings to assault my Door,
Disturb not my repose, attempt no more
These gates which to the King of Glory be
Made to fly open, and to none but he.
For him I sigh, I wishly look, and long
To be releas'd from this ensnaring throng
Of poor bewildred Mortals, from whose sight
My Soul doth meditate a nobler flight
Into the Regions of eternal Joy,
Where nothing shall her blestful peace annoy;
There's her own home, her Country's there above,
That blessed Land of Life, of Light and Love;
There

Poems upon several Occasions. 27

There my dear Friends fled hence, with God are

(blest ;

Thither are swiftly hasting all the rest ;

There lives my Lord, and there I long to live,

He gave these longings, and himself will give,

Hast then, pale Death, accomplish my design ;

Thou that break'st others wedlocks, finish

(mine.

This naked breast strike with thy sharpest Dart,

The sweetest Cordial to a fainting Heart.

Release my pained Soul from this dull clod

Of prisoning Earth, and take her to her God,

That there she may her Nuptials solemnize,

Where neither Sin nor Death shall spoil her

(Joys.

Lord, hear these groanings, and some pity take

On a poor gasping Soul, which for thy sake,

28 *Poems upon several Occasions.*

From earthly home, Freinds, Joys, and all would

(part,

To be with thee for ever where thou art.

O make me meet for this Translation, and

Then on this happy message death command.

In the mean time, Lord, shew thy self to me,

Till thou shalt please to take me up to thee.

So to mine Eyes thy glory still display,

That they may never look another way.

So let me taste the sweetness of thy Love,

That no allurements may my mind once move.

Quicken my longings, and encrease that flame,

Which Heaven-wards lifts the Soul from whence

it came.

Let flames of holy Love all others burn,

And opposition into fewel turn.

Let thy Sun-beams on a dark heart shine clear,

All our earth kindled fires will disappear.

In

Poems upon several Occasions. 29

In thee now let me find so much of Rest,
As may with more impatience fill my breast;
Till fill'd with thee, the pains of love increase,
Till they shall in a full fruition cease.

So seize on me, that we ne're more may part;
Till thou shalt take my Soul, Lord, keep my
(heart,

And dwell in me, till I with thee shall dwell.

This Earth with thee is Heaven; without thee,
(Hell.

30 *Poems upon several Occasions.*

ON

DEATH.

I.

Tell me, some kind Spirit, tell,
How comes death so terrible?
Thou, who art already fled in triumph, say,
Why the embodied Soul is so in love with Clay?
By what strange Magnetisms woo'd,
She so adheres to Flesh and Blood?
That fate must force her from that dull abode,

}
Or

Poems upon several Occasions. 31

Or she would groveling lye,
Th' eternal Tenant of Mortality.
The wretch whom a malignant Fever fires,
And at each pore in liquid flame expires,
Cold death's refreshing hands to shun,
Doth to th' unkind Doctor run,
For Juleps, Blistrings, and Phlebotomy,
And other medicinal Artillery :
The Fever's vanquish'd, and the Man is free ;
But all this stir and torment only gains
The privilege of being rack'd again by these,
Or the feverer pains
Of some more merciless Disease.
Had not the Patient better fled to' a Tomb,
Th' Asylum which distempers give, but where
(they never come ?

32 *Poems upon several Occasions.*

I I.

Old age it self, which, one would guess,
Should with a kind of lust
Lye down and sleep in Dust,
Does yet the grand fatigue of life caress,
And gapes for its last dregs with unextinguishable

(Thirst :

When the dull eyes spirituous fire is lost,
Like cooling Metals, fixt by Winters Frost,
When the bald Head depopulate and bare
Looks white like some smooth Globe of Ice,
And of its once fair flourishing spring the Hair
All that remains will not suffice
The mighty sum to count,
To which the numerous Years that have gone or't

(amount ;

Yet even this feeble piece of Hums and Ha's,
That's but the Monument of what he was,

Doth

Poems upon several Occasions. 33

Doth with his Cordials and Elixirs treat,
To make his wearied Pulses beat
With momentary heat;
Still he abhors the dismal thoughts of Death,
Still on his guard he stands,
And fain he would defend his breath
'Gainst the great Conquerour's stroke, though but
(with Crutches in his hands.

III.

Strange Riddle of mysterious desire,
That Man should hope his vital fire
Should Vestal prove, and ne're expire :
That he should wish th' Eclipsed beams,
Like *Arethusa*, under ground might stray
In a decrepit Body's dark, inglorious way,
And never disembody their shining streams
Into the glorious Ocean of inexhausted day.

34 *Poems upon several Occasions.*

Is this the Reason which we so much boast,
That sure unerring Guide,
No less our safety than our pride,
And would this have us in a tempest ride,
And endlessly be tost?
When one kind Shipwrack would convey us to our
(native Coast,
A coast where we might pleasure taste,
High with the gust of all peril past.
Where a perpetual spring of bliss
Blooming in all the rich Luxuriances
Of never withering Ecstasies,
Satiates but does not cloy
The ravish'd mind,
And no Tears fall, but those of joy
Which, *Nilus* like, while they orewhelm are kind.

I V.

But though with all this pomp of words we prate,
And paint the happy glories
Which grace the triumphs of a future State ;
Yet sure we think 'em senseless stories,
The pageantry of some distempered Head,
Which fancies Pencil did delineate,
The broken visions of the living when they
(dream'd 'oth' dead.

That we are so loth to die,
Proceeds from infidelity ;
For whatsoe're the mighty Men of Sense,
Those skulls of Axiome and Philosophy,
By reasons Telescope pretend t' evince,
Beyond this World we can no other see,
And not to be

36 *Poems upon several Occasions.*

Worse than lifes greatest storm appears,
Than all its Hurricanes of hopes and fears ;
So some baulkt Gamester who hath but one poor
Left of his Stock, and knows not when he may
Get more to keep in play,
Does his last chance with trembling take,
And fain he would the fatal throw delay,
The Box once lost to him for ever's past away.

V.

Or if we're fully satisfied,
The Soul is to Divinity allied,
That its impenetrable hypostasis
Is of a lasting and substantial make,
Which Death's arrest can never shake ;
But from our scattered Ashes shall arise,
Bekindled with exalted energies :

Poems upon several Occasions. 37

If this her fixt perswasion be,
Doubtless 'tis guilt that makes us pale, and grone,
When fate sends out the black Decree
Of dissolution.

As a debauch't Gallant
That's just imbarquing for a foreign Land,
'Midst throngs of Creditors does worried stand,
Who for quick payment with wild fury rant :
So Conscience rallies up,
Of crimes the worst, of Debts ten thousand Bills,
Embitters with new poysons Death's ungrateful
(Cup,
And the departing Soul with shame and horror fills.
So that Mankind doth lye
Under a sad necessity
Of strong desire to live, and wretched fear to die :
Which way so ere their faith they turn,
A forcible *Dilemma's* Horn

Wounds

38 *Poems upon several Occasions.*

Wounds them in each Hypothesis :

The Atheist would for ever live in this,

'Cause there's no other World ; the Theist, 'cause
(there is.

By Mr. *Walrond* of *All Souls*.

An addition by another hand.

V I.

But the true Christian whose firm Faith doth
(fway

His Heart and Life, who humbly doth obey
That Gospel he believes, and in good earnest
(make_s

Heaven his end, and Holiness the way
Wherein he constantly doth walk,
Whilst he thro' this low World his journey takes,
And

Poems upon several Occasions. 39

And leaves great things which others use to talk.
This gallant Man can Death outbrave,
Which if a Monarch fear, that Monarch is a Slave.
Mean Slave is he who fears to die,
He lives, yea dies in daily fear ;
Death tho' far off he thinks and makes it near,
Afraid of every Man that passeth by,
Of every Beast and Bird, and every Fly,
Of every Bit and every Draught,
Which is ever poysoned by his own dire thought.
Fain the poor Wretch would longer live,
And yet he fears what longer Life must give.
He dare not Eat, he dare not Sleep,
Tho' thousand armed Guards strict watch do
(keep :
O're him the mighty Prisoner Day and Night
They watch as if 'twere to prevent his flight.

These

40 *Poems upon several Occasions.*

These aw'd with threats and hir'd with great
 Rewards, (rewards,
 To keep him safe, yet cannot save his breast
 From fears which still disturb his rest :
 Alas the Tyrant fears those very armed Guards,

VIL.

But the true Christian free
From this ignoble painful slavery,
O're fear of Death has got the Victory,
And o're the love of Life and all that's here
Which this low Life to Mortals doth endear,
His Soul by Grace refin'd from droffie Earth,
From sordid Lusts and love of Sin,
Made mindful of its own high Birth ;
It will not be confin'd within

These

Poems upon several Occasions. 41.

These narrow bounds of Matter and of Time,
But up into Eternity will clime,
With wings of Faith and fervent Love doth soar
To the Æthereal Regions there to share
Those Glories which our Lord is gone before
For all his faithful Followers to prepare :
Our Lord who drove away dark shades of Night,
Brought Life and Immortality to light,
And with that darkness banisht fear,
And by that Light our minds did chear ;
The Christian he doth teach to wait,
And long for Death that shall translate
His Soul to its most blisful State ;
And makes him patient to endure
The cares of Life, or miseries of old Age,
Even when the torturing Stone, the Gout or Colick
(rage,
He bears with courage what he cannot cure.

42 *Poems upon several Occasions.*

VIII.

Not love of Life but hope of Heaven does give
This courage, and makes him content to live
In midst of Racks and cruel Pain,
Who in the midst of joys counts Death his gain.
Strong and untir'd, he acts th' allotted part,
Undauntedly he bears th' inflicted smart,
Not that he fondly cares still to repeat
Lifes tedious Circle, still to eat,
To Drink, to Talk, to Work and Sleep,
Still to roll the Stone up Hill,
The Stone which tumbles downward still ;
Only he knows he must his Station keep
Untill the General bids sound a Retreat,
And when he hears that joyful sound,
Gladly he doth himself prepare
To march away ; and doth himself his breast make
bare :
When

Poems upon several Occasions. 43

When Death draws nigh to give the healing
(wound,

He dare not on his Life commit a Rape,
Heaven is not taken by that Violence,
But he dare meet Death in the horrid'st shape;
He nothing fears from that kind Providence,
Which wisely orders all,
Axes, and Halters, Flames and Swords,
Whatever else we dreadful call,
What are they all but Bugbear words
To fright weak Childish minds, but cannot fright
That Man of Wisdom and of Might,
The valiant Christian not afraid to die;
For Death is all those great words signifie.

44 Poems upon several Occasions.

I X.

If Death be all, what does the good Man care,
Whether an Halter or a Quinsie choke,
And stop that breath which he doth freely yield ;
Whether an Ax or Apoplexy give the Stroke,
The gentle Stroke of Death :
The good Man generously dare
In a good cause die in the open Field,
As well as in his Bed give up his breath :
Nor does he fear the stormy Ocean's Wave,
In a Sea Monsters Paunch dare make his Grave,
Is unconcern'd whether he expire
In some Malignant Fevers fire,
Or in the nobler flames of Martyrdom,
Elias-like, he be conducted home.

Poems upon several Occasions. 45

O're all he is a Conqueror,
And somewhat more ;
'Tth' midst of all he can in triumph sing,
O Death where is thy Sting ?
Of that long since thou was bereft,
For in our dying Lord that sting was left,
In stead whereof Death now hath got a Wing,
Which helps to waft the Heaven-born Soul on
(High,
When once releas'd from this dull earthly Clod,
There the free Soul to her own home doth fly,
For ever there to make her blest abode ;
Where she no more doth fear to sin, to smart, or
(die,
But there she clearly doth behold her God,
Her God she there loves and enjoys eternally.

Midnight

Midnight Meditations.

L O O K here, my Soul, how sparkling and
how bright
These Stars do shine in this cold frosty Night ;
From the Sun's absence they advantage take,
Their native lustre visible to make ;
Their beams set in array adorn the Skie
As if they did Nights black approach defie ;
This cold which freezeth us, it does but clear
The Air, and make their brightness more appear :

Let

47

Then

Then

48 *Poems upon several Occasions.*

Then muster all thy powers up, O my Soul,
Whose shining may these Clouds of Night con-
(troul:

Let all these oppositions serve to raise
But greater Trophies to thy virtue's Praise ;
Virtue like valour is a thing ne're known,
If in encountring dangers never shown.
Now let a bright unspotted innocence
In sweet Contentment, Courage, Patience,
Shed its mild beams, let Hope and Joy display
Lustres which turn' night into lightsome day.
So shall the Darknes as a foil be friend
Thy Beauty, and a greater glory lend :
So thy Eclipse shall but attract more Eyes ;
So from oppression thou shalt greater rise ;
So by our treading thrives the Chamomil,
As if our feet did but manure the Soil ;
Nor is affliction's night the only case

Wherein

Poems upon several Occasions. 49

Wherein thy brightness should the dark shades
 Chase, and the darkness drive away.

But when my Soul temptations unto Sin,
Like foggy darkning mists, shall from within;
Or from without arise, striving to stain
And fully thee with guilt ; then let disdain
Break forth in virtuous Sparklings, and dispel
Those noysome Vapours which arise from Hell :
Yea when at last that King of terrors, Death,
Shall summon thee to yield thy utmost Breath,
And with its dismal shape strive to affright
Thee with the horror of eternal night ;
With an undaunted mind his Message hear,
With chearful smiling looks his presence bear,
Dread not his aspect , turn not from his Dart ,
But with resolvedness present thy Heart ;
Thy Heart now burning most with Heavenly fire
Which Heavenwards wafts thee , there thou shalt
expire,

H

True

50 *Poems upon several Occasions.*

True Phoenix in the flames of Love and Joy :
Death shall not hurt thee, thou shalt it destroy,
And though to Mortal Eyes thou disappear,
Thou shalt shine brighter in an higher Sphear,
Even like these Stars thou n'ere shalt find a Night,
But shalt be swallowed up in greater Light.

A Description of True Prayer, whether with a Form, or without.

GOD is a Spirit, and in Spirit will
By us be Worshipp'd : But this Holy skill
Of Worshipping aright is not an Art
Of Words from Brain or Book, but in the *Heart*
'Tis plac'd. An *Heart* that with the Lips doth
(move,
Venting the breathings of its inward Love.
An *Heart* that's awed with greatest Reverence,
Which may consist with filial Confidence :
An *Heart* whose ardent longings do aspire
After those Blessings which our Tongues desire,

52 *Poems upon several Occasions.*

And puts upon endeavours to attain

The grace we crave, which else we crave in vain.

This *Heart* prays right, such Cordial Prayers as
(these

Profit our selves, and do our Maker please.

Thus let us pray, and when we end our days,

Prayer shall be chang'd for everlasting Praise.

How

*How to get and keep a quiet Mind in
all Conditions.*

Wouldst thou enjoy an easie quiet mind,
Let thy own will to God's will be
(resign'd :

Follow his conduct, serve him with delight,
With Pious awe live still as in his fight :
Banish fond Dreams of earthly happiness,
With Prudence use the Goods thou dost possess.
To Proud and Sickly Fancy give no place,
But follow Nature over-ruled by Grace.
Nature craves little, Grace sometimes takes less ;
Pride, Avarice and Lust demand excess.

Examine

54 *Poems upon several Occasions.*

Examine well all earthly things, and see
Thy love but to their worth proportion'd be.
Let not excess of Joy corrupt thy mind,
Pleasures too luscious leave a sting behind :
Regarding this World as a Travellers Stage,
Seek the delight but of a Pilgrimage ;
Converse with thy own mind, get so much leisure
As oft to entertain thy self with pleasure,
Whom Crouds of Men and business still employ,
Such not themselves, nor Friends, nor God enjoy.
In all enjoyments most God's goodness taste,
In all designs make him the first and last.
Let Joys and Pains both quicken holy Love,
And earnest longings after God above.
Never depend on things without thy power,
Things which chance may, time quickly will devour.
Calmly forethink what evils may betide,
Not to torment thy self but to provide

Courage

Poems upon several Occasions. 55

Courage and Comfort which attend the Wife,
Whilst common changes are no great surprize.
To rule the outward World never design,
This is God's work, to rule thy Passions thine.
Doing thy part leave all to him who knows
How all events most wisely to dispose.
All thy desires make known to God in Prayer,
And then alone on God cast all thy care.
Mind not the World's opinion much, nor grow
Unhappy meerly 'cause Men think thee so :
Their thoughts or words can leave no mark
(behind ;
Thy self dost make th' impression on thy mind.
If thou feel real smart, make it not more :
Anger and Grief do but increase the Sore.
Know that the greatest hurts are from within,
And misery proceeds only from Sin.

56 *Poems upon several Occasions.*

Sin above all things flee , and never cease,
Till thou with God thro' Christ hast made thy
(Peace :

And all thy Life pursue that innocence,
And usefulness which inward joyes dispence.
Grow in all Grace, chiefly in Holy Love
To God and Man, which fits for Heaven above :
In hope whereof rejoyce, and so partake
The first-fruits of those joys which Heaven do
(make ;

Yea now the Soul that with his God doth dwell,
By Faith and Love, finds Heaven within a Cell.
Then wholly live on God, make him thy all,
With Faith and Patience waiting for Death's call.
Thy Soul thus fixt, nothing can much annoy,
Till God shall fix thee in eternal joy.

A

A
PRESERVATIVE
AGAINST
Temptations to Sin.

Remember when Temptations do begin,
Satan would have, God would not have
(thee sin.

Satan and God about thee do contend :

Which dost thou think thy Foe, and which thy
(Friend :

Thy Flesh, be sure, with Satan soon will joyn :

Wilt thou with both against thy God combine ?

O horrid and unheard of Treachery ! to close

Against our dearest Friend with Mortal Foes ;

I

Against

58 *Poems upon several Occasions.*

Against our Friend, who came to give us aid,
Lest we to those our Foes should be betray'd.
Shall Satan, by thy help, obtain the day
Whil'st God as griev'd and conquer'd, goes away?
Shall Satan be imbrac'd, whilst God shall be
Resisted, so that he will flie from thee?
What, shall the Spirit's movings on our Hearts
Be quencht, and not the Devils fiery Darts?
Remember then the best and worst of sin,
Thy Flesh and Satan take delight therein;
Both thy fore Enemies: But then believe
It wounds thy Soul, and doth God's Spirit grieve.
Satan and Sin their Servants do destroy,
God to his Servants gives eternal joy.

Wherefore, O Lord, I yield my self to thee,
Let not sin have dominion over me.
Thy easie Yoak I'll wear, when that's laid down,
Let thy Free grace vouchsafe a glorious Crown.

O N
SOLITUDE.

I.

Welcome sweet Solitude, who loves not
(thee,
Loves not himself: for only he
Who from the busie throng is quit,
He to retire into himself is free,
He with himself may sit.

60 *Poems upon several Occasions.*

I I.

Than our Dear self is any thing more Dear?
Shall we then seem to hate or fear
What most we love? yet so do they
Who rather had be rambling here, and there,
Than with themselves to stay.

I I I.

Some hideous frightful thing there is within,
Even a consciousness of Sin:
That if alone doth them affright;
Which to torment them when it doth begin,
Straightway they take their flight.

Poems upon several Occasions. 61

I V.

Even from themselves poor Men they strive to fly;
Thrust into vicious Company,
There hoping for a little Peace
From Noise, from Sport, from Riot, and thereby
Their Torments they increase.

V.

Who weary of himself, himself still flies,
And Vice for a diversion tries;
Hence greater weariness shall feel:
The Plaister which his folly doth devise,
Wounds worse than did the Steel,

V I.

62 *Poems upon several Occasions.*

Y I.

Thus the Slave loaden with his Guilt and Chain,
From Prison breaks, but not from pain;
His Irons gall him in the road,
Untill at last he's hurried back again
To feel a double Load.

V I I.

Thus in the numerous herd, the wounded Hart
Would shroud himself, but still the Dart
Sticks in his Flesh, widens his Wound;
He cannot in the Croud shake off his smart,
Nor scape the following Hound.

V I I I.

VIII.

Then welcome, Solitude, abhor'd by none,
But Fools and vicious Men alone ;
Whilst courted by the Wise and Good,
Who by Fruition have its blessings known,
Its pleasure's understood.

IX.

Whilst they hither, from the World remove,
In all that's Good they do improve,
And here where nothing can annoy,
Rendring themselves worthy of their own love,
Themselves they do enjoy.

64 *Poems upon several Occasions:*

X.

Wearied with Noise and Hurry here, we have
The Rest and Silence of a Grave;
The Mind too freed from stir and noise,
Begins to feel what pious minds most crave,
Foretastes of Heavenly joys.

XI.

The Moon from view retir'd, receives most light
From Heaven, and Heaven-ward shines most
(bright :
But what time we her Full do call,
When she comes forth expos'd to common sight,
'Tis then Eclipses fall.

XII.

Poems upon several Occasions. 65

XII.

Here Virtue's fixt, which jostling Crouds did shake ;
Here it doth Sanctuary take,
When Lusts and Passions it pursue ;
Here gathering strength, doth brave resistance
(make,
And all her Foes subdue.

XIII.

The mind exhausted by the multitude,
Here hath its strength renew'd ;
Like Fields oppress'd by constant Plough,
It doth when Fallow laid in Solitude,
More Rich and Fertile grow.

66 *Poems upon several Occasions.*

XIV.

They who from others seem the most recluse,
For others Good most Fruit produce;
Who labour under Ground, there find
The Gold which after serves for common use,
And doth enrich Mankind.

XV.

Rich Streams of Blessings from the Hermits cell
O'reflow the World, which none can tell
From whence they flow, but like some
(Fountain,
Unknown as th' head of *Nile*, he oft doth dwell
In the obscurer Mountain.

XVI.

Poems upon several Occasions. 67

XVI.

The learned tribe whose works the World do bless,
Finish those works in some recess;
Both the Philosopher and Divine,
And Poets most who still make their address
In private to the Nine.

XVII.]

Thus on the Banks of *Thames* great *Cowley* chose
His private *Chertsey* for repose;
Cowley whose Verse like those rich streams,
So deep, as clear, in various numbers flows,
And long shall last as *Thames*.

68 *Poems upon several Occasions.*

THE
Sum of our Duty.

Love God with all thy Heart and Soul, and
(Mind ;
To Friend and Foe be just, be true and kind.
Obey thy Parents, and thy Rulers Laws ;
Never rebel , but suffer in God's Cause.
Be Meek and Patient, Humble, Sober, Chast,
In these good ways be constant to the last.
And when thou hast done all, then humbly cry,
An useles, sinful Servant, Lord, am I.

My

Poems upon several Occasions. 69

My strength and grace is from thy Holy Spirit ;
My hope is in thy Mercies, and Christ's Merit.
Whilst here I live, let not thy Spirit leave me ;
And when I die, O Blessed Lord, Receive me.

Whilst

70 *Poems upon several Occasions.*

Whilst I was hearing Musick,
Feb. 1. 1671.

Lord, take my Soul, and tune it to thy will,
It wanteth tuning, but thou want'st no
(skill.

O let thy Grace my mind bring into frame,
So shall I love and praise thy glorious name.
In thy great goodness shall my heart rejoyce,
Thy goodness I will praise with chearful voice :
Also my Life I'll study so to frame ,
That all my works may glorifie thy name.

Thus

Poems upon several Occasions. 71

Thus ~~shall~~ my Feet, my Tongue and Heart

(agree,

This harmony thou lov'st, this pleaseth me ;

Thus will I spend my time on Earth, thus I

Will serve thee whilst I live, and when I die,

I in a nobler sort thy name will praise,

Let Grace raise me, so I'll thy Glory raise.

O N

72 *Poems upon several Occasions.*

On a great Thunder and Storm,
June 1. 1671.

TH Y power, O Great *Jehovah*, I adore,
Whose voice in Thunder through the
(Clouds doth roar;
This voice I'll entertain with awful fear,
With greater aw I will thy threatnings hear;
Thy lightning which doth pierce where 'tis not
(felt,
It spares my Body, but my heart shall melt:
Much more thy Spirit shall, whose flames divine
Consume our lusts, but do our Souls refine.

Showers

Poems upon several Occasions. 73

Showrs which gush forth, when the Clouds broken
(be;

Purge Me and th' Air, soften the Earth and Me.

Afflictions, Storms and Showrs of Love and Peace,

This Purity and Softness shall encrease:

Thus Ear, and Eye, and Mind, Reason and Sense,

Each hath its Object, learns its Lesson thence.

Which way so ere I turn my eye or thought,

I something find, whence Piety is taught.

Lord teach me ever duly to improve

The tokens of thy Wisdom, Pow'r and Love.

L

Calmness

CALMNESS
IN A
STORM:

Made in a Stormy Journey, Septemb. 1672.

IN rough foul Ways, my Mind is smooth and
(clear;
When the Winds roar, then do I loudest Sing:
When the Sky low'rs, Smiles in my Looks appear:
Clouds weeping Rain, no Tear from me can wring.
What is it can disturb that inward Peace,
Which from disturbances receives increase?
This Wisdom, and this Courage, sometimes I
Can in my little Stormy Journies use:

Poems upon several Occasions. 75

In th' Storms of Life, there's much more reason why
The same brave Resolution I should chuse.

Life is a Journey full of Troubles; these,
Wisdom may turn into Advantages.

Do I grow poor? I'll more enrich my Mind.

Am I defam'd? I'll make my Virtue shine

More brightly through those Mists; are Friends
(unkind?

God shall be dearer. Doth my Health decline?

My Soul to Heaven shall thrive; when Death
(shall give

The mortal Wound, then shall I truly live.

Thus the great *Hercules*, from *Juno's* spite

Favours receiv'd, this made his fame encrease;

First Toils and Dangers gave him first Delight

And Glory; thus the martial Man is Peace;

Not to bare chance, and quiet times, would owe,

But to the Valour which subdues his Foe.

76 *Poems upon several Occasions.*

O daring conqu'ring Virtue 'tis, we prize,
As this claims Glory as its just desert:
Shelves, Sands, and Tempests are the Exercise
And Honour of the skilful Pilots Art.

Who boasts a Virtue that was never tri'd,
Is a stout Seaman by a Fire-side.

Great Praise we to our wise Creator owe,
Who tho he hath not (which he eas'ly could)
Made all things sweet and smooth; to make them so,
Gives us the pow'r ; all Earth he made not Gold ;
But gives th' Elixir which can do as much ,
Turning course Stones to pure Gold, by its touch.

Poems upon several Occasions. 77

*On the Rain that fell in June ---- 81. after
a long Drought, from the beginning of
April; begun in my Journey.*

WHilst, gracious Lord, thy Creatures all a-
(round,
Give thee what praise they can, shall Man be
(found
The only senseless, dull and silent Thing?
Shall he be mute, whilst ev'n the Fields do sing?
Their pleasedness is in their Colour seen;
How soon the parched Earth looks fresh and green!
The thankful Corn its head doth humbly bend,
Flow'rs and Herbs, sweet Odors heaven-ward send.
The

78 *Poems upon several Occasions.*

The chearful Birds, which in all Weathers sing,
And thereby chide and shame Mans murmuring,
Now use their utmost Art, and strain their Throats,
To warble forth their sweet melodious Notes.
The duller Beasts hear this, and straightway they,
As dancing to this Musick, Frisk and Play.
A noble gratitude they teach, whilst for these shows,
They thankful are, whose benefit is ours.
And what, shall we, who more receive than they,
And more can render, shall not we repay
Those thanks to which the lower Creatures all,
As well as our Creator, do us call?
And both we disobey, and both we wrong,
If we with all the rest joyn not our Song.
Since they by us, their Praises send to Hea'vn;
By us, who know all good Things thence are giv'n.
And who with Speech and Reason were indu'd;
First to conceive, then shew our Gratitude.

Wherefore

Poems upon several Occasions. 79

Wherefore I do adore that Providence,
Which these enriching Showers doth dispence.
That to the languishing and parched Earth,
And dying Grain and Herbs gives life and birth.
The thirsty Fields which could no moisture get
From Springs or Rivers, are refresht with wet,
In such a way, as would mirac'lous seem,
Did not the commonness abate esteem.
What makes the Vapours to ascend on high,
And there condense to Clouds, that fill the Sky?
What makes those hollow Clouds strong to contain
Within their Wombs vast Treasuries of Rain?
And what supports them, when thus weighty grown,
To keep them from a sudden tumbling down?
Justly we may applaud, justly admire
The Chymistry of that Cœlestial Fire,
Which from salt Seas fresh Vapors doth extract;
Like thanks and wonder doth that Art exact,
Which

80 *Poems upon several Occasions.*

Which makes the Clouds to hover as they fall,
And breaks, and parcels them in drops so small;
Which on the Earth, whilst gently they distil,
Revive those Fruits, which Flouds and Spouts would
(kill.

Thus, Lord, thy Works thy Glory do proclaim;
Both Heav'n and Earth conspire to praise thy Name.
Ev'n every pile of Grass, and every Show'r
Which makes that Grass to grow, doth shew thy
(Pow'r.

No less they shew thy Bounty to us all,
On whom thy Sun doth shine, thy Rain doth fall.
How wondrous is that Bounty which renews
Daily those Gifts, which daily we abuse?
Mercy is thy delight: O, teach us more
To imitate that Mercy we adore.
And whilst the Earth improves the Sun and Rain,
Let us not still receive thy Gifts in vain.

Let

Poems upon several Occasions. 81

Let warmth and softness in our Hearts be wrought,
And holy Fruits unto perfection brought :
Such Fruits as may our Benefactor please ,
Who sends these Gifts, and greater Gifts than these.
He gave his Son, his Son did shed his Blood ;
By goodness, God designs to make us good :
And this design his Goodness doth pursue,
Whilst he affords the rich and heavenly Dew,
Of's Word and Grace, to quicken and renew
Our thirsty Souls. O God, thou art all Love;
On this alone we live here, and above.
This doth preserve that Life, which first it gave ;
From this the comforts of our Life we have.
This now gives Grace, and Glory hath prepar'd ;
By this we Work, from this have our reward.
And since this Love, with blessings fills our days,
Lord give us Hearts as full of Love and Praise.

82 *Poems upon several Occasions.*

Such Hearts as may direct our Hands and Tongues
To pious Actions, and to grateful Songs.
And as each Moment brings from God above
Mercy through which we live, and breathe, and
(move;

So, Lord, let every pulse, and every Breath,
And every action praise Thee until Death,
Which stops that Breath, our Souls shall thither raise,
Where love's our Life, and all our Work is praise.
And, what Crowns all, where Death shall not de-
(stroy
This blessed Life of Love and Praise, and Joy.

*On a Cross with a Crown upon it, in Burton, betwixt Lancashire and Kendale ;
Sept. 18.---80.*

THis day in Riding through a Town,
Upon the Cross I saw a Crown ;
Which straightway brought unto my mind
What we in Holy Writ do find ;
That Christ did first his Cross sustain,
Before he was advanc'd to reign ;
And this is every Christians case,
Who wins the prize, must run the race.
Our selves we first must well behave,
E're modestly Rewards we crave ;
Bearing the burthen of the day,
E're we receive the evening-pay ;

84 *Poems upon several Occasions.*

And Conquer in our Christian fight,
Before we have to Triumph right :
And many sorrows undergo
Before the Joys of Heav'n we know.
Lord, to thy Orders I submit,
Confessing they are just and fit :
Reason doth teach us, and thy Word,
The Servant's not above his Lord ;
By Patience and Obedience, he
To Glory went, and so must we :
But since thy Grace alone doth send
Help in the way, bliss in the end,
Such measures of this Grace impart,
As may both give strength and desert ;
Lord furnish me with pow'r and skill,
To do and suffer all thy Will ;
Make me but willing to obey,
And what commands thou pleasest lay.

Make

Poems upon several Occasions. 85

Make me but able to abide,

And how thou wilt let me be tri'd.

Lord help me so thy yoke to wear,

Help me my burdens so to bear,

That when they shall be both laid down,

I may receive a glorious Crown.

On

86 *Poems upon several Occasions.*

On the sight of Furness Fells, June 19.--71.

OF T have I seen a barren Mountain shroud
Its lofty head within a liquid Cloud,
There at its will (thus height still makes things
(proud)

Quaffing up Vapours, which had else been Rain,
Drinking all up, yet sending nought again,
But still a barren Mountain doth remain;
Whilst humble Valleys which do lye below,
Waiting till Heaven its kindly Dews bestow,
In Corn and Wine, in Milk and Honey flow.
Thus greedy, proud, impatient minds that crave
Still more and more, from Heaven or nothing have,
Or yield no Fruit of whatsoere it gave.

Whilst

Poems upon several Occasions. 87

Whilst humble Souls, by silent patience,
Which strongly woos, soon get great blessings
(thence,
And thither still return their recompence.

On

88 *Poems upon several Occasions.*

On the Parting of Ways in a Journey.

I Often as I Travel, find
Divided ways divide my mind ;
Perplext I stand, and don't well know
Whether I here or there should go :
At length I forward must advance,
Guided by guesses or by chance ;
And when I have some paces gone,
I find they both do meet in one.
This gives my mind some recompence
For th' former trouble and suspense.
Thus in Religions nicer ways,
One here, and there another strays,
Each fiercely cries that he's i'th' right ;
And both my tender mind affright :

Then

Poems upon several Occasions. 89

Then to the Sacred Rule I go,
To see if this my way doth show ;
This humble Souls in great things guides,
But subtle trifles ne're decides.
When nothing thence is understood,
The footsteps of the wise and good,
With care I trace, and on I hold,
Till my maturer thoughts grow bold
To slight this trifling difference,
As seeming of mean consequence ;
Since in all things of weight they both agree,
And I in them, with both, this quiets me.

N

An

90 *Poems upon several Occasions.*

An account of my Life in the North.

Bene qui latuit bene vixit.

SInce you, dear friend, wonder how here I live,
This homely Verse a brief account shall give ;
I live, if not in pleasure, yet at ease,
Not in loud laughters, but in silent peace ;
And tho I rarely meet with merriment,
I more a stranger am to discontent :
Here's no excess, nor are things needful scant ;
I seldom feast, but yet I never want.
No dainties here to luxury invite,
Our food serves well the sober appetite,
Which need not be with poignant Sawces drest,
Our healthful Hunger of all Sawce is best.

Doctors

Poems upon several Occasions. 91

Doctors we have none, nor much need them here ;
The Doctors we more than Diseases fear :
For Country-folks think they sell death too dear. }

Altho I lie not on a rich Down-bed,
Yet do sweet sleeps refresh my weary head.
No Walks or Gardens here, but yet the Field
And fragrant Meadows equal pleasures yield :
No Lutes or Viols entertain my ear,
But more melodious Birds I daily hear.
Riches I have not, nor do riches need,
Whilst here at easy rates we clothe and feed.
I have no Servants whom I may command,
Nor have I work that needs a Servants hand.
I am not high enough to envied be,
Nor do I one whom I should envy, see ;
Here's no applause to make me proud or vain,
Nor do I meet with censures or disdain :

92 *Poems upon several Occasions.*

My people, if they are not wise and great,
Are not untractable through self-conceit;
No factious, giddy heads that make a Schism
For fear of *Popery* or *Arminianism*:
No sawcy, arrogant controllers, such
That cry, This is too little, this too much:
No such vile wretches who their Preacher hate
Cause he reproves sin at too smart a rate:
Wherefore I envy not flocks of more wealth,
Which give more trouble whilst they have less health.
If of Companions I have no great store,
With my own mind I may converse the more;
And from my old Friends tho I am confin'd,
Letters may keep us in each others mind:
Or if, whilst buried here, I lose their love,
I'll fix my mind on surer things above.
But need I Friends, need I Companions crave,
Whilst I as many Friends as Neighbours have?

Or

Poems upon several Occasions. 93

Or if I want the joy of bosom Friends,
I 'scape the pain which still that joy attends:
For whilst they live our hearts oft ake with fear;
But break and bleed when of their death we hear.
And if I want the comfort of a Wife,
I have the pleasures of a single life;
If I no Gallants here, nor Beauties see,
From slavish Love and Courtship I am free:
What fine things else you in the South can name,
Our North can shew as good, if not the same:
Ev'n as in Winter you have shorter Nights,
But Summer us with longer Days requites.
Thus if my want of joy makes life less sweet,
Death then will seem less bitter when we meet.
But what is this Worlds Joy? 'Tis Innocence
And Virtue that do truest joys dispence:
If Innocence and Virtue with me dwell,
They'l make a Paradise of an Hermits Cell.

94 *Poems upon several Occasions:*

On Psal. 19. 57. Thou art my portion, O Lord.

Distemper'd men, whose Souls are all on fire
For earthly toys, do heighten their desire
By what they reach to ; and the more they have,
The less content, the more they still do crave :
Wealth, Honours, Pleasures, all do but enflame
Corrupted Appetites, not fill the same.
As Oil, when thrown upon a raging fire
Quenches it not, but makes the flame rise high'r ;
So they in burning Fevers, whilst they think
To cool their heat, encrease it with cold drink.
The best of creatures never were design'd
By their Creator to content the mind,

But

Poems upon several Occasions. 95

But are bestow'd to lead us unto him ;
We up these Streams should to the Fountain swim :
Only those blessed Souls who place their love
On God himself, and on the Joys above ;
That solid satisfaction do attain,
Which others hunt the World for, all in vain.
God is our centre and our place of Rest ;
He fills alone the most enlarged breast.
He who enjoys him always, of excess
Will ne're complain ; nor he of emptiness
Who doth enjoy him fully : Once but tast
His sweetest goodness, and thou ne're wilt wast
Thy time, or love thy serious thought or pains
Of things that merit not the name of gains :
Him thou wilt make thy Portion and thy Lot ;
Nor spend thy Coin for that which profits not :
In him are heighths and depths of good, to move
And satisfy his peoples boundless love.

96 *Poems upon several Occasions.*

On Psalm 39. 6, 7.

IN a retired Hermitage I dwell,
Where no disturbance can approach my Cell;
Where scarce with any noise my ears are struck,
But th' gentle murmurs of a purling Brook,
Or the soft whispers of the Winds that move
The trembling Leaves of an adjoining Grove;
Or the sweet musick of the winged Quire,
Unto whose mirth and freedom I aspire.
Here with a calm and easie mind I sit,
From throngs, from bus'ness, and from passions quit:
And hence, as from an higher Region, I
The ways of mortals on this Earth descry,
Their toilsom follies, and their fruitless pains,
Heavy their toils, alas, but small their gains;

Shadows

Poems upon several Occasions. 97

Shadows they follow, dote on painted toys,
Strangers to manly, solid, lasting joys.

Here see the Earthworm lab'ring in a Mine
For heaps of Clay, which tho he doth refine,
It's still but glittering Clay; yet the poor slave
Here digs, till unawares he finds his Grave;
Where down he lies, but leaves behind his Gold;
(For which his Liberty, his Ease, his Soul he sold)
His Gold he leaves oft to an unknown Heir,
Who wildly wafts the fruits of all his care.
Strange madness this, which Misers hath possess'd,
Who starve themselves to make their Heirs a feast.

Here see the proud Man hunting after Fame,
And yet by vice and bus'ness blots his name;
Adores himself, and would have all adore,
And therefore is by all despis'd the more;
Scorns to submit to any Man, and yet
To his own Passions vilely doth submit.

98 *Poems upon several Occasions.*

He lavishes much labour, skill, and time,
Up into some high dignity to climb ;
On which his vain designs, if Fortune smile,
Tott'ring and trembling there he stands a while ;
Till thence by some slight push he headlong fall,
Whither he up by tedious steps did crawl.
Unweildy greatness, and his dangerous height,
Make him to fall with greater shame, more weight.
The Man of pleasure thinks himself more wise ;
Gilt Earth and pop'lar air he doth despise ;
Delights he craves more fit for flesh and blood ;
Give him his grosser and more savoury mud,
The pleasures of his Throat and Lust, wherein
Wallowing, he drowns himself and sense of Sin ;
And yet his course his own designs doth thwart,
Rendring the Life he's fond of, dull and short.
The pleasures that he takes, his health destroy,
Health, without which no pleasures we enjoy :

His

Poems upon several Occasions. 99

His pleasures leave far greater pain behind ;
They please his senses, but torment his mind.
O brutish senseless wretch ! who when he might
With Angels taste of pure and high delight,
Will rather chuse on pois'nous dirt to dine ,
Will chuse in filth to lodg with Dogs and Swine.
Well, let them take their choice ; But how shall I
This short swift moment spend before I dye?
What shall I seek ? What shall I wait for here ?
Oh ! need'st thou ask what should to thee be dear,
My Soul ? What is it, when this World is gone,
Will then thy portion be ? Seek Him alone,
Ev'n the Eternal God, the only rest
Of Holy Souls, who in his Love are blest :
His Love shall Honour be, his Grace my Treasure,
His Service and his Smiles, my highest Pleasure.
May I but feel I love, and know I please
My God, I'll ask no greater things than these

100 *Poems upon several Occasions.*

No greater on this Earth. But here I'll wait
That happy hour, wherein he shall translate
My weary wandring Soul unto her rest,
When she of Joys Divine shall be possesst;
Joys flowing from the blessed God, and make
Blessed the Souls who do of them partake :
My hope, my trust, my love on him I'll place,
Waiting till I in joy behold his face,

On

On Luke 11. 14, &c.

When Satan from a Sinners heart
Ejected is by Grace,

Restless through malice, still he strives

To gain his ancient place.

He who doth readmit this Guest,

His state becomes much worse,

His wickedness more hainous is,

Greater shall be his Curse.

Then watch and pray; the very first

Motions to sin suppress;

Constantly use the means of Grace,

Promoting Holiness.

Lord

102 *Poems upon several Occasions:*

Lord cleanse our Hearts, and then of us

A firm possession take ;

Engage us to thy self, that we

May never thee forsake.

Seneca

Seneca Thyestes, Act. 2.

STet quicunq; volet potens
Aulæ culmine lubrico;
Me dulcis saturet quies:
Obscuro positus loco
Leni perfruar otio.
Nullis nota Quiritibus
Ætas per tacitum fluat.
Sic cum transferint mei
Nullo cum strepitu dies,
Plebeius moriar senex.
Mors illi gravis incubat,
Qui notus nimis omnibus
Ignotus moritur sibi,

A Plain Paraphrase.

LET who will climb to heights of Honour,
(where
What they with labour get, they hold with fear.
On lower ground give me an humble nest,
In private shades with peace and safety blest ;
Here I'll in silence pass my sliding years,
Strange to great men, strange to their cares and fears.
In this obscure, quiet recess shall I
An honest Country Parson live and die.
But dreadful terrors do his death attend,
Who all his time in crouds and noise doth spend ;
Knows not himself, nor thinks of his last end.

*A Translation of the first Epistle of Seneca
to Lucilius.*

HOld on, brave friend, in those good purposes
Thy last did mention ; by such means as
(these

Live to thy self ; the time that heretofore
So many ways was lost, now lose no more.
Our time, some's stoin (believe me what I say)
Some fairlier seems withdrawn, some slips away.
But of all ways none is a worse mispence,
Than losing it by sloth and negligence.
View with attentive eyes the most of men,
With whom thou dost converse, and tell me then,
Is not their life, much of it, loosely spent,
Idly yet more, all on impertinent

P

And

106 *Poems upon several Occasions.*

And trifling things is lost? Where canst thou name
A man that prizes time? that sets the same
Value on Hours as Gold, who every day
Perceives he's dying, whilst days wear away?
'Tis a mistake to think death yet to come
As all at once, which always works, and some
Of it's already past: for all the breath
We have, expir'd is in the hands of death.
Act as thou speakest, then with all thy pow'r
Lay hold on and improve each present hour.
So on to morrow needst thou not depend,
If thou to day hast wisdom well to spend.
All things without us can't be call'd our own,
But Time is truly ours, and Time alone.
This fleeting slipp'ry thing doth nature give,
As riches, to possess whilst here we live.
Yet of this precious treasure eas'ly may
Who ever will, vast portions steal away

Strange

Poems upon several Occasions. 107

Strange folly this ! that things of little cost
Or worth, things easily repair'd when lost,
Should be so priz'd, that men bestow'd with such
Mean things as these, themselves they reckon much
Obliged to the Donor, but we hear
No thanks for this rare jewel Time; so rare,
That Gratitude it self no way can find
Whereby it may this gift repay in kind.
But you may ask how I from day to day
My time do spend ? whether I my self obey
My self herein ? I am, I must confess,
Like one who joyns care with his lavishness;
Who though's expences do his bounds surmount,
Yet of 's expences still he keeps account.
I dare not say I lose no time, yet I
So careful am, that I can tell you why,
And how, and what I lose : so the same Fate
I'm in with him who to a poor estate

108 *Poems upon several Occasions.*

Not through his own fault is reduc'd, to whom
Pardon from all, succour from none doth come.
Thus I can tell how I come poor: but what?
Is that man poor who hath enough? Sure not.
Yet you, my friend, I rather would advise
With care to keep your time, betimes be wise
To use it well, you the old Proverb know,
Thrift comes too late when th' Purse is grown too
(low.
And rather haste, since Old-age Time behind
Not only least, but worst, we use to find.

Seneca

Seneca *Epist.* 70.

IF we'l be friends, it seems I must relate
My each days actions; see at what a rate
Of freedom I converse with thee, and will
Keep nothing from thee, so to keep thee still.
I visit now the Schools, and lately there
Did the Philosophers disputing hear.
What at these years? why not? what should I scorn
To learn at length, 'cause I have long forborn?
I justly happy should my self esteem,
Was this the only act did misbeseem
My years. This School all ages doth admit;
Let us whilst young, when old let's visit it.
I to the Theater am carri'd, age
Is held no plea to keep me from the Stage.

Selden

110 *Poems upon several Occasions:*

Seldom a bloody fencing-match is made
'Twixt Gladiators, but I see it plaid.
Are Sports before Philosophy prefer'd?
Must those be seen, and may not this be heard?
Perfection only may dismissal give
From Learning; whilst thou liv'st, learn how to live.
Receive this necessary truth from me,
Who'm old my self, old men should learners be.
But Oh the madness of our age! when I
(As in my way, you know, to th' Schools) pass by
Th' *Italian* Theater, what crowding's there
(So men about the Cryer flock) to hear
The *Græcian* Musick, here Oh toyish pride;
Who tunes his Pipes best Auditors decide.
Mean while those places where good men should be,
We only full of empty Seats do see.
Yea and their few frequenters most deride
As dronish fools, men lazily imploy'd.

Wel-

Poems upon several Occasions. III

Welcome such jeers, with smiles encounter them ;
A fools contempt, a wise man will contemn.
On, on *Lucilius*, now thy Studies ply,
Lest growing old, thou Scholar turn, as I
Am glad to do : Now hasten, or undone,
Thy age will leave the work thy youth begun.
Why, why what progress should I make ? Dost ask ?
What yet hast done ? what thinkest ? Believe't a task
Wisdom to get ; high titles may, I know,
And unsought Honours be conferred ; so
Men may be wealthy by inheritance ;
But where's the man whose virtue came by chance ?
This, this with pains is got, 'twill cost no less
The man that would in one all goods possess.
What's honest, only's good ; those things that please
The fancies of the vulgar, nor in these
Is certainty or truth ; I'll tell you why
I think thus : for I did not justify

You

112 *Poems upon several Occasions.*

You say, in th' letter that I sent before,
This my assertion, but did praise it more
Than prove it; In a word then, each thing's known
Good, by what's first and properly its own,
Thus we commend the cluster-laded Vines,
The industrious servant, and good tasted Wines.
Why is the Carriers horse made strong i'th' back?
But 'cause he is appointed for the pack.
'Mongst a variety of dogs, in those
That hunt the Game by th' scent, we praise the nose.
Swiftnefs in them that take their prey by flight;
Fiercenefs in those which with wild beasts do fight.
In every creature what's most genuine
And self-peculiar, answering the design
'Twas made for, that it's best is judged; then
Reason's the best accomplishment of men.
Reason doth man farthest from brutes remove,
Exalts him nearest to the Gods above.

Poems upon several Occasions. 113

'Tis this alone is mans propriety ;
In other things beasts share as well as he.
Is he indu'd with strength ? so Lions are.
With beauty ? why, the Peacock may compare
With him. Or is he swift ? so is an Horse.
I need not say Man in all these is th' worse.
Excluding accidents, what can he claim
For his ? He hath a body ; true, the same
Have Trees. Or voluntary motion, so
Have worms : A voice ; but Dogs we know
Have shriller mouths : A Bull can louder roar
Than he can hollow : Nightingales have more
Melodious throats. Reason is therefore his,
His happiness depends alone on this.
If Beings have a proper good, and then
Begin to be accounted happy, when
The good they were design'd for, they possess ;
Reason consummate, is mans happiness.

Q

'Tis

114 *Poems upon several Occasions.*

'Tis this we call Virtue or Honesty,
Synonymous both these expressions be.
We now enquire not what in general
Is good, but what we may a mans Good call.
Virtue, thou say'st, is eas'ly understood,
That it is *a*, but not the *only* good..
Yet it appears so, since in all you love
Virtue by't self : in all, Vice disapprove.
Suppose a man blest with o'reflowing wealth,
Honours, Retinue, Friends all great, good health ;
Yet can these outside bravenesses scarce see
You to approve him, if he vicious be.
On th' other hand, imagine one in wants,
Friendless, ne're waited on by Supplicants ;
Claiming no honour as his birthright, no
Continued line of Ancestors can show ;
Yet his known goodness will thy love procure
Maugre those disadvantages : Then sure

We

Poems upon several Occasions. 115

We must allow, that th' only Good of man,
Which in the absence of all other can
Get that esteem ; nought else can, wanting this.
The like in other things apparent is.
A painted fineness, Gold or Silver beak,
Rich lading, Ivory Ceilings, do not speak.
Ships therefore good, but a close-jointed building
Well rigg'd into a firmness, neither yielding
To waves or storms ; a fitness to obey
The Pilots hand that doth direct its way.
The Sword it self we praise not for the gilt
Belt that it hangs in ; for a Silver Hilt,
Or Scabbard set with Pearls ; but when it's made
Of well-wrought steel, an Armour-piercing Blade.
So in his Rule, the skilful Architect
Doth straightness, not fine workmanship respect.
Each thing claims praise for th' innate properties
That serve its end, not bare appendices.

116 *Poems upon several Occasions.*

It skills not what men have then, how they fill
Their Chests with Us'ry, how much Land they till;
How many crouching Honourers they have,
What costly Glafs they drink in, or how brave
Rich Beds they lie on, what fine Clothes they wear,
How high they live : No, but how good they are.
And then they're good, when in their actions they,
Reason conform'd to Nature's Laws, obey.

This Virtue is, which doth its owners make
Blessed ; and works as they of this partake,
Goodness derive ; since nought but what doth flow
From this is good, sure it alone is so.

If you will grant all humane goods confin'd
To vvhat's most properly the man, his Mind,
Virtue alone will be admitted, vvhich
Confirms, enlarges to the noblest pitch,
Exalts the soul ; Whatever else incites,
And seems to gratifie our appetites,

Poems upon several Occasions. 117

Enfeebles, and corrupts them in the end :
Such objects whilst they speciously pretend
To heighten our conditions, they but raise
An empty swelling pride, and so debase
Our minds, and with the pageantry of Shews,
And pompous Nothings, they our hopes abuse.
In all our actions reference must be had
For guidance of our lives, to Good and Bad.
From those impartially consulted, we
Learn what perform'd, what must omitted be.
Let the resolv'd good man his duty know,
He will thereto through hardships, losses, go,
And threatning dangers ; but no proffer'd price,
No honour, safety, ease, can him intice
To what dishonest seems ; no hopes invite
Him to what's ill ; from good no fears affright.
Virtue and Vice seem only good and ill,
Since a respect to these should rule our will,

And

118 *Poems upon several Occasions.*

And give us Laws whereby our lives to frame.
An even Virtue which all times the same
Tenour retains, is of all goods the best,
Because who own it once, are dispossess'd
Thereof by no attempts of force or art :
This Wisdom ne're to folly can revert.
We meet with frequent instances of those,
Whose inconsulted rashness doth expose
Them to those hardships common spirits fear,
Who trample on what others hold most dear.
Thus have some Voluntaries dar'd to hold
Their hands like fire-brands in the flames; whose bold
Resolved laughter not the tort'ring rack
Disturb'd, but they could smile whilst sinews crack.
Men of such hardned tempers oft have been,
Whose tearless eyes their Children dead have seen ;
Who have encountred Death in fearless sort.
Thus Love, Ambition, Rage dare dangers court.

And

Poems upon several Occasions. 119

And should judicious Constancy do less
Than but a fit of furious senselessnes?
Nor good nor ill those things are, which the wise
Always, and which sometimes the rash despise.
'Tis virtue only hath deserv'd the name
Of good, which 'midst all Fortune's still the same,
Walks with a noble and regardless state;
Rendred by none dejected, nor elate.
That ought is good beside what's honest, this
Conceit destructive of all Virtue is.
Hence men will think they may, and strive to find
Somewhat that's good, not seated in the mind.
But this Opinion is false, this course
Repugnant is to Reason, Virtues source.
He the good man, you will confess, appears
Who most religiously the Gods reveres,
Who, what misfortunes ever him befall,
Doth with a chearful patience bear them all;

As

120 *Poems upon several Occasions.*

As ord'red by an higher Providence
Which to each one his portion doth dispence.
Then with an argument this strengthens us,
Since pious Honesty doth dictate thus,
To be submissive to the Gods, and not
Fret at mischances, nor bewail our lot,
Nor quarrel at their Orders, but resign
Our selves to them, and do what they enjoyn.
If any thing but Honesty may go
For good, what inward vexings hence will flow ?
An anxious wish a long life to attain,
Follow'd with carking restlessness to gain
Life's Utensils, which is an endless care,
Roving, and vain, which no wise man can bear.
But Honesty, that certain good is found,
Which our affections, and pursuits can bound.
If pomp, wealth, pleasures, make us happy, then
We may the Gods less happy judg than men.

Poems upon several Occasions. 121

If Souls exist from bodies separate,
We justly hope a more exalted state,
Than what they now arrive at whilst immerst
In duller matter: but it will be worst,
If these enjoyments which she doth partake
By th' bodies mediation, for its sake
Are real goods; But how absurd is this
To think the Souls release can worst its bliss?
Shall the wide World-expatiating free mind
Fall short of what it was when earth-confind?
If ought external's good, we must confess,
Beasts share herein, and so in blessedness.
But Honesty the only good we call,
For which wise men dare do and suffer all.
But raise thy thoughts a while, and then if clear
This notion doth not to thy self appear,
I'll make thy self the judg: Imagine then
Thy death might hugely serve thy Country-men,

R

Wouldst

122 *Poems upon several Occasions.*

Would'st thou not it with patience (now confess)
 Suffer, yea, and embrac't with willingness.
 See what a price on Honesty you set,
 Whilst ev'n for it, you all things else forget.
 You for the common good dare dye, altho
 You dye as soon as of your death you know.
 Else in a small time intervening, they
 Who nobly dye, rewarding pleasures may
 Conceive: Tho slaughter'd Heroes in their Grave,
 Of Earths affairs no farther knowledg have;
 Tho their brave actions here perform'd, create
 No satisfaction in a future state;
 Yet whilst they in premeditation view
 The fair advantages which will ensue
 Their deaths (which like themselves had noble ends)
 Their Countries good, or safety of their Friends,
 They suffer not, but rather death enjoy,
 Whilst in a pleasing extasy they dye.

But

Poems upon several Occasions. 123

But yet e'en they whose more surprizing fate
Deprives them of the last great pleasure, that
Their forethoughts might afford, without delay
Dare fearless meet their hasty death, whilst they
All other interests wave, content alone
A well-deserving action to have done.
Offer dissuaves to their enterprize,
Tell them their more deserving memories
Will not survive them long, their Country too
Unkind, will undervalue what they do.
To all they'll answer, These are by-respects;
This work not for self-relative effects,
But for its Honesty, we undertake,
Which nothing can persuade us to forsake.
This is th' apparent good which not alone
The perfect, but all generous minds do own.
All other things men study to attain,
Are poor enjoyments, mutable and vain;

124 *Poems upon several Occasions.*

Empty of ought but trouble : For they are
Got and possess with equal anxious care.
And tho indulgent fortune may amass
And heap them on her favourites, alas !
They are but burthens which the bearers press,
Sometimes o'whelm them with their weightiness.
The Purpled Nobles, Silken Gallants, those
Men gaze at so, if search'd into, disclose
Themselves but owners of an happiness.
The Stage-play Actor borrows from his dress,
Which richly glorious, with a stately port
Like the great one he personates, extort
To's assum'd self some few hours reverence from
Wanton spectators, who returning home,
Are soon of those opinions dispossess,
He into's former meanness is undress.
They are not great whom raised we behold
To Honours heights, or Mountain tops of Gold :
Their

Poems upon several Occasions. 125

Their advantageous standing puts a cheat
On common eyes, which misconceive them great,
And fail to take their altitude aright,
Measuring the Ground they stand on for their
(height.

A Dwarf's a Dwarf, tho plac'd upon an Hill ;

A Giant in a Vail's a Giant still.

But we for th' man mistake his ornaments,

For what's his own but borrow'd accidents ;

Diveſt him of his Riches, Honours, thoſe

Bounties of flatt'ring Fortune, which impoſe

On ignorant admirers, whoſe ſhort view

Reacheth but outſides ; wave his Body too :

Then make a judgment of him whether he

Great from himſelf, or from externals be.

Can he with lively looks, heart undiſtreſt

Behold the glitt'ring Blade ſet to his breaſt,

As

126 *Poems upon several Occasions.*

As careless whether's Soul by's mouth, or by
His wider wound forth from his body fly?
Can he with an unmoved patience bear
The great'st misfortunes? And when he shall hear
Threatnings of Tortures, Prison, Banishment,
Or all that witty Tyrannies invent,
As their own pleasures, and the Coward's fears,
Can boldly say, No danger now appears
To me? I long since have forethought them all;
Learn'd to prepare for whatsoe're may fall?
Preexpectation doth alleviate ill,
Which blinder confidents of fortune will
As not foreseen, and sudden, strange esteem,
And this surprisal makes it greater seem:
For what intolerable did appear
At the first sight, by use men learn to bear.
What sufferings, Fools, that Providence the Wise
Doth teach, who thereby doth familiarize

Poems upon several Occasions. 127

Ills to himself: whilst daunted those cry, We
Thought not such fortunes did await us, he
Did to the worst himself obnoxious know;
Come what will come, he knew it might be so.

A Pa-

128 *Poems upon several Occasions.*

A Paraprase on the 22d. Ode of Horace.

Integer vitæ, &c.

THE upright man whose heart and life is pure
From guile and vice, needs neither Sword
(nor Spear,

His Virtue ever makes him so secure,

He needs no Bow; nor pois'ned Arrows wear;

Cowards, or wrathful men, themselves thus arm,

The good man neither does, nor fears he harm.

He that has tam'd the Tyger in his Breast,

Wild Lufts and Passions, safe may take his road
Through Woods and Deserts, never-fearing-Beast,

All will adore him, as a petty-God,

All will approach him with deep reverence,

Paying the homage due to innocence.

As

Poems upon several Occasions. 129

As I the other day did careless rove,
Having no weapon but a well-string'd Lute,
I sp'd an huge fierce Wolf within the Grove,
Who by my musick charm'd, did there stand
(mute,
And wondring seem'd to listen, whilst my Verse
Did th' praises of eternal love rehearse.
Strange fire of heav'nly love which reconciles
The Savage Beasts, and angry Elements,
Turns rage and fury into friendly smiles,
And mischief either conquers or prevents;
To him vvho doth the great Creator love,
The World of creatures all vvill harmless prove.
This Armour's strong, tho light : a Coat of Mail
Not to be pierc'd by Bullet or by Steel;
It gives a strength o're vvhich nought can prevail;
May I its force vvithin my breast but feel,

130 *Poems upon several Occasions.*

Fearless I'll follow vvhither Fate shall call;
Smiling I'll bear vvwhatever shall befall.
Place me on Northern Hills of frozen Snowv,
On vvwhich the Pole-star doth directly stand,
There will I give the love and praise I owe
To him whose love makes that a pleasant Land.
'Gainst frosts and Snows Love is the only
charm,
These flames melt Snows, these flames my breast
shall warm.
Or throw me on the parched *Lybian* Sands,
Where flaming Sun-beams do the Trav'ler burn;
Love all Divine, those scorching heats withstands,
Gods Love will Deserts to a Garden turn;
His Smiles, his Words are Fountains, Shades and
Breeze.
Each place is Paradise, when I have these.

Poems upon several Occasions. 131

No Winter frosts, this holy Love shall chill,
No prosp'rous Summer's heat shall it abate;
But higher it shall flame, and higher still,
Till it to Heav'n my Soul in Flames translate:
God's Love is all I crave in Heaven above:
On Earth below, I only craves Gods Love.

S 2

Lib.

132 *Poems upon several Occasions.*

Lib. 1. *Martial Epigram* 6^{um}.

AN Eagle once a Child aloft did bear,
The Child secure, the Eagle most in fear.
Thus *Cæsars* Lions sport them with their Prey,
The Hare in their wide Mouth doth safely play.
Which then the greater Wonder shall be thought?
A mighty Power each to pass hath brought,
Jove did the first, the latter *Cæsar* wrought.

*For M. M. upon her Recovery, when at
Antwerp.*

OH, praise the Lord, my Soul, humbly adore
The riches of his Grace, which more and
(more

To me his Handmaid hath been still exprest ;

Let Love and Praise be equally encreast.

'Twas God, who first did Life and Reason give ;

By him I am preserv'd, in him I live :

His Mercy, and his Pow'r did lately save

My Soul from Death, my Body from the Grave.

'Tis just, I to my God should wholly live,

Who hath renew'd the Life he first did give.

Thou that didst make me put my mind in frame ;

Make me thy Servant, who thy Creature am.

As

134 *Poems upon several Occasions.*

As thou hast lately made my Body whole,
So do much more for my more precious Soul.
What thou hast wrought without, now work within;
My pain is gone, Lord cleanse me from my Sin:
Thy healthful Spirit upon me bestow,
That I in Grace may daily stronger grow.
So strengthen me, that I may walk in ways
Of Holiness and Peace through all my daies,
Till thou shalt take me hence to live above,
In endless Joys with thee, the God of Love.

Written

*Written on Dr. Patrick's Devout Christian,
given to a Friend.*

IN Prayer, the Tongue hath but the lesser part ;
Devotion's chiefly seated in the Heart :
This with our Lips we humbly must express,
And in our Lives by serious Holiness.
They who on Earth, with Heart, Lips, Life, adore
Their God, in Heav'n shall praise him evermore :
Whilst then our Pray'rs begin, and end the Day,
Let's daily live as strictly as we pray.

An

136 *Poems upon several Occasions.*

An Epitaph design'd for that most excellently accomplisht and Publick-spirited Gentleman, William Banks Esq; , of Winstanly in Lancashire ; who died at Chastleton in Oxfordshire, July 6,--76.

UNder this Monument the Reliques lie
Of a Great Man, all that of him could die ;
Who whilst he liv'd, liv'd to the noblest ends,
To serve his God, his Country, and his Friends.
Wherefore his God, his Friends, his Country give
Freedom from Death, and make him still to live :
His Soul with God in Regions lives above,
In Regions like his Soul, all Peace and Love :
With dearest Friends his precious Memory
Lives fresh and fragrant ; nor with them shall die.

His

Poems upon several Occasions. 137

His grateful Country doth preserve his name,
Just Praises, and true Tears, Embalm the same :
His lovely Picture still hath Life and Breath,
In hopeful Children ; so small Power hath Death
Over good Men, who when they seem to yield,
Then, like their dying Lord, they win the Field ;
Only the Grave in peace retains their Dust,
Until the Resurrection of the Just.

*Ultis ille bonis flebilis occidit ;
Nulli flebilior quam mihi.*

138 *Poems upon several Occasions.*

On A. M. a tender Infant.

Here Sweetness lies, and Innocence, whose
(Breath
Was stopt by early, not unfriendly Death :
She's gone to rest, just as she did begin
Sorrow to know, before she knew to sin :
Death that doth Sin and Sorrow thus prevent,
Is the next Blessing to a Life well spent.

On

ON

Bishop WILKINS' s Picture.

Decemb. 30. ---82.

THis is his Shadow, who was once the Glory
And Pillar of our *British* Church ; whose
(Story

Ages to come shall wondring read, this Age
Shall mourn his death, tremble at its presage :
He was all that which makes men great and good ;
But's loss will make his Worth best understood.
His just Description I no more can give,
Than th' Painter can make this his Picture live ;

T 2

His

140 *Poems upon several Occasions.*

His truer Picture lives within my mind,
And in the pious Works he left behind ;
In both, my sorrows some relief shall find :
Till his great Soul ere long I meet above,
Amongst blest Spirits in Heav'nly Joy and Love.

}
}

hose

True

True Beauty.

LET blind Admirers, handsom Faces praise,
And graceful Features to great Honour raise;
The Glories of the red and white express;
I know no beauty but in Holiness:
If God of beauty be the uncreate
Perfect Idea, in this lower State
The greatest beauties of an human mold,
Who most resemble Him, we justly hold;
Whom we resemble, not in flesh and blood,
But being pure and holy, just and good.
May such a Beauty fall but to my share,
For curious Shape, or Face, I ne're shall care.

142 *Poems upon several Occasions.*

On my Picture.

SEE here the Shadow of another Shade,
Which, like its Picture, soon away will fade;
To Worms and Moths a Portion soon will fall,
Both short-liv'd Copy and Original.

And yet rejoice, my Friends, since th' unseen mind
Lives when dead Shades and Corps are left behind;
And shall we be concern'd what will become
Of fading Faces, rotten Bones and Tomb,
Whilst th' unseen Mind, whose form no art can
(draw,

Exempted is from Deaths severer Law?
Virtue doth Life and lasting Beauty give;
Virtue and virtuous minds for ever live;

With

Poems upon several Occasions. 143

With God they live in joys together, where,
Of losing God, Joys, Friends, is no more fear.
Rejoice then Friends, this Glory make your choice,
Always do good, always in God rejoice.

FINIS.

*Books Written by Mr. John Rawlet, B. D. and sold
by Samuel Tidmarsh, in Cornhil.*

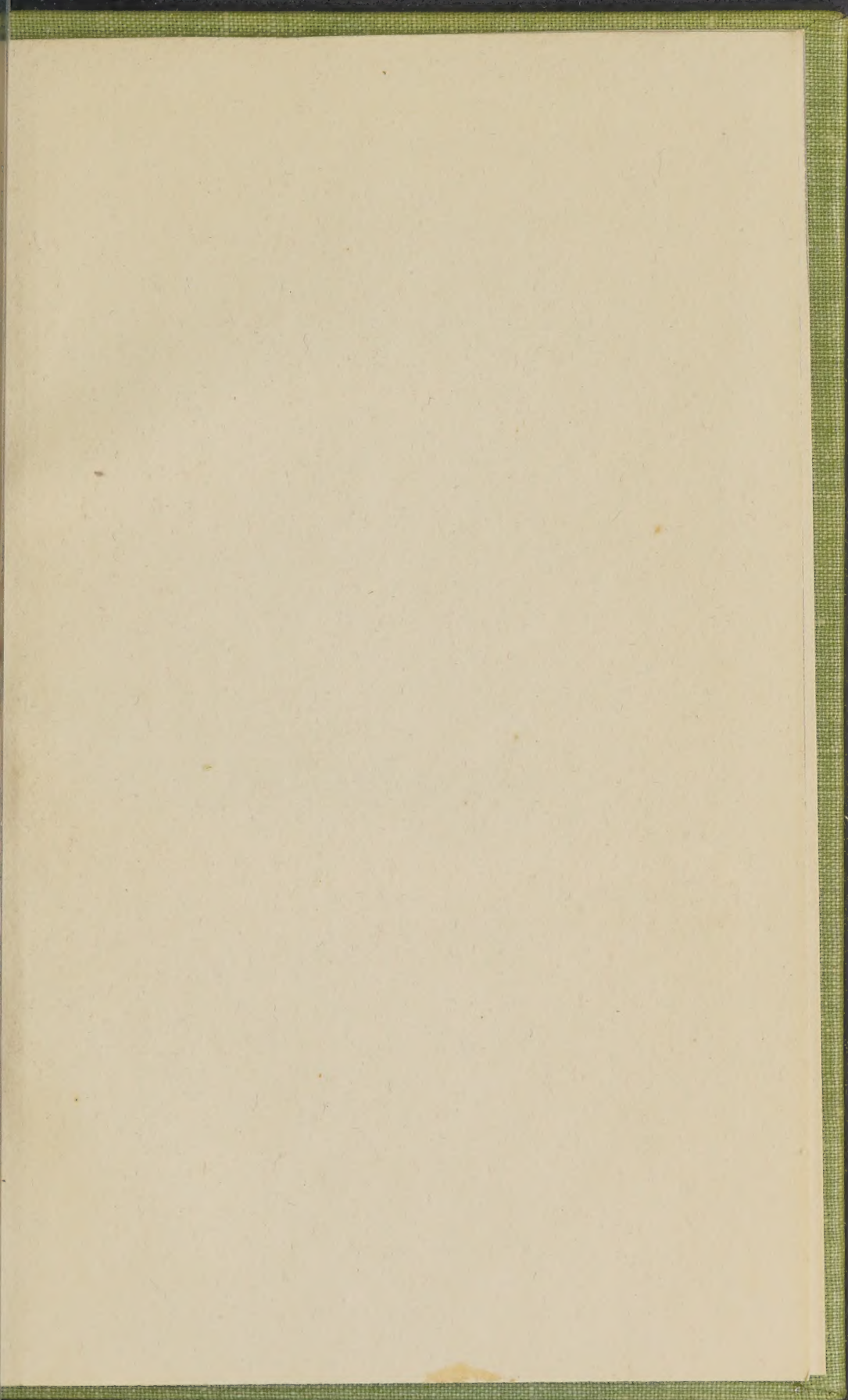
A Treatise of Sacramental Covenanting with Christ, shewing the ungodly their contempt of Christ, in their contempt of the *Sacramental Covenant*: *With a Preface chiefly designed for the satisfaction of Dissenters, and to exhort all men to Peace and Unity.*

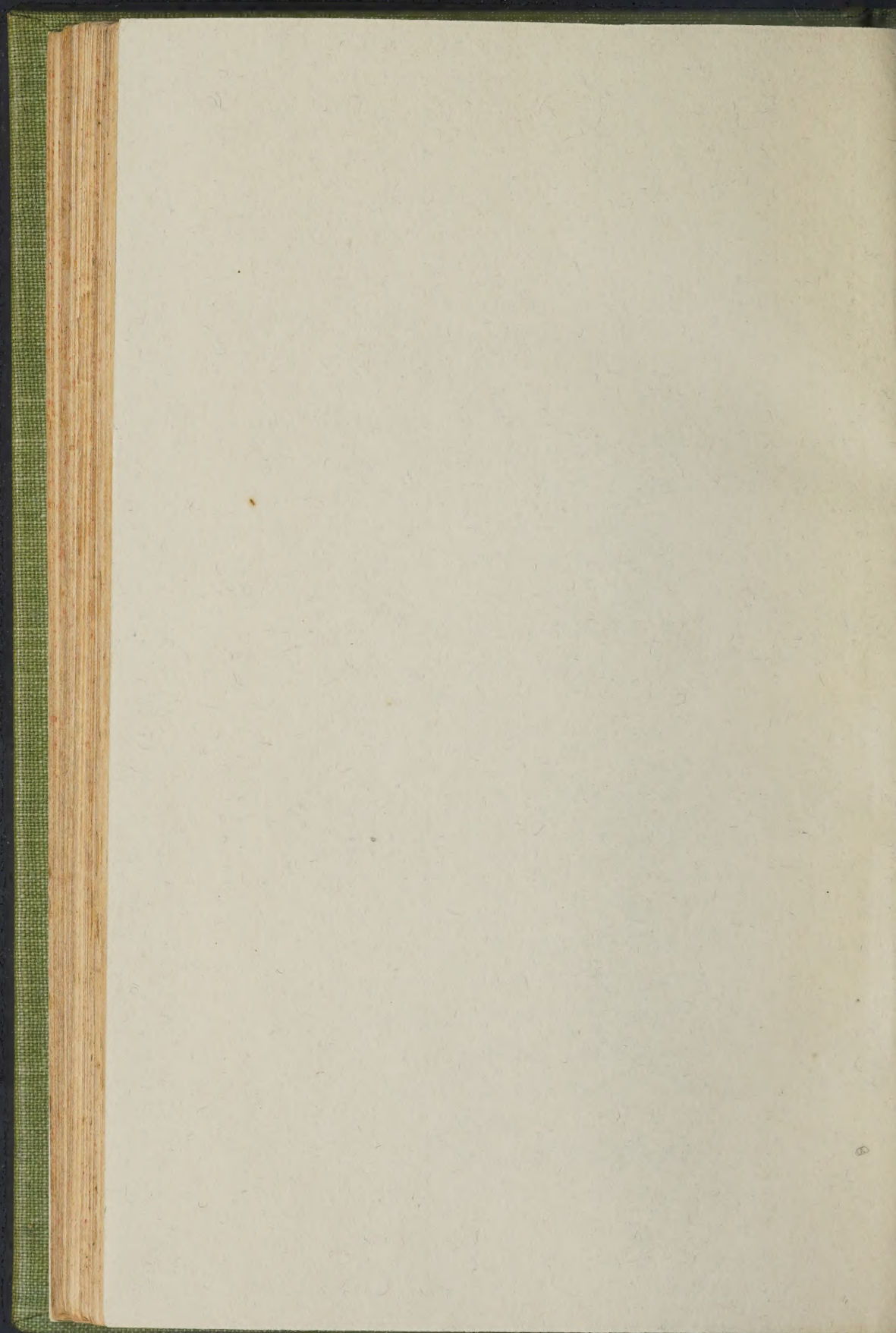
An Explication of the Creed, the Ten Commandments, and the Lords Prayer, with the addition of some Forms of Prayer.

A Dialogue betwixt two Prorestants, (in answer to a Popish Catechise called, *a short Catechism against all Sectaries*), plainly shewing, That the Members of the Church of *England* are no Sectaries, but true Catholicks, and that our Church is a sound part of Christ's holy Catholick Church, in whose Communion therefore the People of this Nation are most strictly bound in Conscience to remain.

The Christian Monitor, containing an earnest Exhortation to an Holy Life, with some direction in order thereto; written in a plain and easie Style for all sorts of people.

Poetick Miscellanies.





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